

The Adventures of Sasha and Daryl: Oneshots

by AweInspiring1

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Summary: Oneshots about the lovely ship that is Dasha.

1. Chapter 1

****Tyrese's funeral****

She had lost Tyrese. She foolishly assumed that when her brother would return, it would be with a smile and confirmation that there was a community ready for the group to clear out and use. She had lost Bob, so it only made sense for the last person she loved to be taken too.

Father Gabriel was trusted well enough to say a prayer before her mutilated brother's body was laid to rest. Now it was her turn to throw dirt onto his corpse.

Daryl held the shovel out to her without looking her in the eyes, and for that, she was grateful because she surely was not looking like the stoic Sasha the group was accustomed to. She took the shovel and bent down to gather some dirt at the tip of it to throw it haphazardly into the hole. Michonne passed to give her silent condolences as did Maggie, Glenn, Carol, Carl, and Rick. They all left to give her time before Tyrese would be covered from the rest of the world for forever. All save Daryl left her alone.

Sitting down in the grass she dangled her feet over into the hole and in a trance she jumped down into it, landing with her legs spread over his body. Daryl cocked his head to the side and waited for her to finish what he could only assume her form of grief. As if to check whether her brother was actually dead, she pulled the sheet from over his face until it was folded at his hips. Seeing his severed arm made her jump back and fall onto his legs. She gave an involuntary squeak and tried scrambling out of the hole to no avail.

"No, no, no," she kept clawing at the roots in the Earth with tears running down her face until she felt hands grabbing for her from above. Looking up, she saw Daryl grabbing for her and he hoisted her up until she fell against him upon being pulled out from her brother's grave. He was still holding her as she trembled staring into space.

"I'm sorry." She brokenly whispered and a dry sob left from her depths. "I'm sorry mom, dad" another sob racked her body, "Tyrese, Bob." She could feel Daryl rocking back and forth, humming an unknown tune. "God, I'm so sorry." She said to no one in particular this time. "What have I done?"

He looked down at her still crying into his shoulder and he used his index finger to wipe at her tears. "You didn't do nothin'," His gruff voice interrupted her, "this messed up world did. Ain't nobody's fault but dem walkers."

She stopped crying as if she realized whose arms she was in and tried pulling away, buy he wasn't having any of it. "I need to go." She grunted but he kept his hold on her. "Let me go Daryl."

"Naw Sasha, I ain't finna do that."

"Why? Why won't you leave me be?" She beat against his chest and yelled.

"Cuz I ain't finna let you go."

She stopped her struggling and looked up to see his profile. He was biting his lip and squinting up at trees that surrounded them. He noticed she stopped moving and looked down at her and their eyes met.

"Why?" She whispered as her eyes watered.

"Cuz," he looked away and the tips of his ears turned a familiar shade of red, "you ain't got nobody else ta hold on to."

Moments passed as she played with blades of grass and he never removed his arm that held her close to him.

"Daryl," The wind blew and she gave an involuntary shudder which cause him to pull her closer to him.

"Hmm?"

Moving up his side, she pressed a kiss to the underside of his sharp jawline, "Thank you."

2. Chapter 2

****Daryl is shot by Dwight****

He breathed a sigh of relief when he saw her, but it was short lived when he noticed the rope tied around her mouth and that her arms were pulled behind her back. She was staring hard through the thick of the trees when she noticed him standing there with his crossbow perched on his shoulder. Her and Glenn widened their eyes and they both

started grunting, trying to warn him. He held a finger up to his lips and soon heard the cock of a gun behind him.

"Hi Daryl," Dwight said.

When Daryl turned around all he could hear was a deafening sound and then pain in his shoulder. Before he fell and sleep took him, he looked over and his unfocused gaze landed on Sasha screaming and struggling against the ropes to get to him.

"He'll be alright."

Waking up, he felt himself being dragged by his legs across the dead grass and sharp twigs. His legs were dropped unceremoniously onto the ground and he heard feet shuffling past him.

"We need'm alive, so stop yer cryin and git to it!" Dwight barked as he untied Sasha so that she could tend to the wounded archer. "Don't yew try anythang stupid neitha." He added and shoved her towards Daryl.

She was dehydrated and had bruises forming all over from her encounter with the Savivors, but she ordered her body to keep going and help him.

Seeing the blood ooze out of the layers he wore made her blood churn and her anger reach new heights. She got on her knees beside him and smoothed his hair back from his forehead, making him twitch in response.

"Daryl," she whispered. He groaned and shifted as he tried his best to come to. "Daryl, it's me," All he could do was listen to her voice and think of how badly he failed her and his friends, "stay with me, alright. Just hold on."

"Stap yer babyin and git to gittin darkie." Dwight shoved her and she fell on top of Daryl's wound with a grunt. Daryl shouted and his eyes shot open; he writhed in pain as his mouth hung ajar and his glazed eyes stared up into nothing.

She scrambled off of him and kept apologizing to him and shushing his whimpers and moans.

"Hey," she cradled his head in her hands to get him to focus on her, "can you hear me?" She got a strangled breath in return and his hand gripping her thigh. "Okay, I'm going to have to turn you over to see if there's an exit wound okay? It's going to hurt." He nodded and braced himself as she shifted him onto his side. He grinded his teeth together to keep from giving his enemy anymore satisfaction.

Feeling himself being moved back onto the ground, he cracked open his eyes to see her give him a small smile. "I found one," she sighed and kissed his forehead, "you're gonna be fine." She said against his clammy skin.

Pulling back the collar of his shirt, she pressed a cloth from her back pocket to his wound to try and stop his bleeding. There wasn't much else she could do since he need stiches and possibly a transfusion. Knowing there will be a long wait until anything else transpired, Sasha pulled him in between her spread legs and propped

both him and her against the tree behind them. With his back to her chest and his head resting on her shoulder, she held him close and prayed that they would make it out of this.

Hours passed with Glenn and Rosita keeping a close watch of their captors on behalf of their preoccupied friends. The couple still laid against the tree with Daryl in and out of sleep and Sasha massaging his scalp.

She felt him stir and shift in her arms, "Whut's goin on?" He grumbled.

Wiping away the sweat forming on his pale cheeks, she directed his gaze to her, "Dwight." Was all she said, and his memories came rushing back to him. He sighed and leaned his head against hers as he realized how very screwed he and his friends were at that very moment. "How are you feeling?" He looked up again and noticed that she was actually worried, and that he was currently wrapped in her arms.

"M'fine. A've had better days." He pulled himself up a little and to her disappointment, he tried to leave her embrace, "A've had worse run ins wit baby squirrels." He huffed a laugh and licked his dry lips only to find that he couldn't actually sit up on his own. Chewing on his bottom lip, he looked back to her from his pained hovering position with a question in his blue eyes.

She knew what he wanted. Daryl was never the kind of man to openly admit to needing help from anyone for any reason. Nodding, her head, she put both of her hands on either side of his face and used her thumbs to roam across the dark circles forming underneath his tired eyes. Using her hands to direct him back toward the comfort of her firm hold, they settled against the tree once more and waited.

_"Hi, I'm Negan." _

Even after being let go, and sent back to Alexandria, she could still hear the sickening crunching of Glenn's skull against Lucille. He didn't deserve this.

_Crack. _

She flinched as she stepped on dried leaves to get to the infirmary where Daryl was currently recovering.

_"Whoa! Takin' it like a champ!" He cackled as brain, blood, and unidentifiable fluids sprayed onto him. Whack! _

Shaking her head to try and clear her thoughts, she made her way up the stairs into the house. Opening the door, she could hear his quiet voice echoing through the hallway.

She smiled for the first time in days as she walked through to find him propped up in bed with Rick and Michonne sitting next to him. Hearing the intruder, they turned to find the unexpected visitor, but to Daryl, she wasn't unexpected at all. He had been waiting for her since he was strong enough to keep his eyes open.

"Hey," the couple stood and gave her warm pats on the shoulder.

She smiled at them absentmindedly but her steady gaze never left the archer sitting up in bed.

"We'll be back later on," Rick said, "take care brother." He nodded at Daryl and he and Michonne left the house hand-in-hand.

She stood there, playing with her fingers, all of a sudden losing her confidence to speak.

"Com'ere," He said patting the empty space next to him, with his voice straining from its lack of use.

She sighed and walked over to him and sat down slowly, sure not to aggravate his wounds any further. Sitting by him had been a mistake, because she couldn't stop the sob that ripped through her the moment she felt his cool skin against her arm.

"Hey now," He cooed, " Shh, m'alright. M'alright Sash." He pulled her flush against him with his good arm and held her while she shook against him.

"You almost died!" She struggled to say against his neck. "There was so much blood," She whimpered, "too much." She pulled away from him and stared at him as if he would disappear, "I'm sorry." She whispered. "I'm sorry I've been so testy and cold with you, everyone really, and I'm sorry I didn't see it until now." Letting her gaze shift to his shirtless form and the angry red welts across his skin, she gently laid her hand against his chest where his heart was beating strong. "I need you Daryl Dixon." She murmured.

His breath hitched in his throat causing him to wince. She tired retracting her hand, and before she could apologize again, he held her hand against him and rubbed his thumb back and forth across her small strong hand. Back and forth. "Stop apologizing', it's not a good look on ya." He smirked and rested his head on top of hers.

"I'm just glad you're alright. I don't think I can last any longer on this God forsaken Earth if someone else I love isn't on it with me."

"Someone else you love?" He questioned and she could feel the heat traveling up his neck to reach his cheeks.

Trying to cover her admission she scrambled for a coherent response, "Umm, I mean, we're family, and I don't like seeing you guys hurt." She stilled and bit her lip, ready for him to admit to feelings for a pale, blue eyed, woman with a pixie cut to complement her kinder features. _There's no way he would want someone like me. I'm hard, cold, and quite scary. But, Carol. Carol is what he wants. She's beautiful_ "soft, pale, and available." She found herself whispering aloud with a tremble in her voice.

"You callin' me pale n' soft after you just said ya love me?" He asked incredulously.

"Not you, Carol." She felt him tense underneath her.

"We ain't discussin' Carol." He grumbled.

"Why not her?" She challenged.

"Cuz I don't want nobody soft, pale, 'n available." He tilted her head up so that she could look him in the eyes. "I want a strong piece a complicated chocolate."

Letting a tearful laugh ease her fear, Sasha brought her hand up to brush his hair away from his baby blues.

"I want you Sasha Williams." He kissed her hard without concern for his injury or his state of undress. His usual skittish and uneasy demeanor was not in the forefront, only his desire for her. He just wanted to show her that Carol did not have his heart like she did, and that Carol did not compare to her in any capacity. Circling her mouth with his tongue made her moan and she pulled at the blanket that laid on his smooth defined stomach.

"And I want you Daryl Dixon." She whispered against his mouth and nibbled on his bottom lip.

3. Chapter 3

****Daryl Is Worried About Sasha****

"Why does it matter anyway?" Sasha asked him angrily as she followed him out of Rick and Michonne's home, furious that she was even having to explain her decision. "I can do it by myself. No one else has to be in danger."

He turned back to her, red in the face and breathing heavily. _Why is she so stubborn? _"You seriously won't let me go in your place?" She rolled her eyes and popped her hip with her arms folded across her chest. "Ah'm tryin' ta help you!" He got in her face.

"But I don't need the help, and I certainly don't need you going in my place either. It was my idea. Yeah, it's dangerous," she shrugged, "Sue me. It doesn't change the fact that the less people in danger is better for me and this community." She tried reasoning with him calmly. Confusion was wracking her brain. "Why does this matter so much? I've been on more dangerous runs than this and I've never heard a peep from you."

He could feel her analyzing him with her narrow almond shaped eyes. "Why there gotta be some sorta ulterior motive witchu? I jus' wanna help is all."

Still studying him through the sunlight, she couldn't get a good read on him, so she sighed and her shoulders slumped. "Whatever Daryl. I'm going and if you really have a problem with it, good luck trying to leave before I do."

Walking away, she could hear his curses and grumblings.

* * *

><p>"Hey," She said as she stood next to him at the gate. She's been watching him all morning. He just stood there, staring past the gate with his thumb getting viciously attacked by his teeth. He's nervous, she deduced.

He glanced down at her and gave a grunt in response.

Sighing, knowing this wouldn't be easy she finally squared her shoulders and told him why she was currently interrupting his brooding, "I'm about to head out." He tensed. "The only way for me to do that is if you move out of the way."

"No."

"No?"

"No."

"God Daryl, what's your problem?" She practically yelled. "If you have something to say to me you need to say it now! If not, forget we ever had this conversation and move out of my way! Who are you to tell me 'no'? I don't answer to you and you sure as hell don't have any control or say over what I do." She was fuming. How dare he keep her from doing her job. This was how she contributed. He of all people should know the importance of contributing to their group.

Steeling herself for whatever comes next, she waited. Nothing happened.

Shaking her head, she turned and started walking away to get reinforcements.

"I ain't tryin ta control you." He said, and if she had walked any further she wouldn't have heard him.

She turned around and regarded his stance. He was nervous, but there was something else she couldn't put her finger on.

"Then what is it?" Walking back to him, she gave him her undivided attention.

"You jus' got back." He finally said after some time passed.

"Okay." She nearly whispered, surprised that the archer was telling her this much.

"You were gone fer five days, an' you jus' got back yesterday." He clarified. "I don't," He stopped and remembered her previous words of anger, _I don't answer to you and you sure as hell don't have any control or say over what I do. _Heaving a sigh, he shook his head. "Nev'mind. Do what you want." He side stepped her and adjusted the crossbow on his shoulder as he walked away.

"Wait," she caught up to him, "what were you gonna say?"

He ignored her and kept walking.

"Come on Dixon, I'm sorry I'm a little rough sometimes, but you can't leave my hanging like that." She brushed her fingers across his arm to get his attention. "Tell me the truth."

He stopped in his tracks and held her gaze. "Ah'm worried," Her eyes widened but she didn't interrupt him, "someone else can go instead,

or you could git a partner or two, it's just not safe to go aloneâ€¦!" He trailed off and took a step closer to her, "I don't want you goin' alone."

"I'll be fine," she tired reassuring him with a caress along his forearm.

"Yeah, but I won't be." He said as he brought his index finger up to brush along her jaw. He walked away leaving her with her thoughts and chills running down her spine.

4. Chapter 4

****Daryl and Sasha Kiss for the first time****

Daryl and Sasha were subjected to a night of dares, spin the bottles, and 7-minutes in heaven. They were the only ones that objected to these childish games and ironically enough, the only child in the town wasn't even allowed to partake in the activities.

"Come on you guys, it will be fun!" Maggie tugged at her friends' arms and did not miss the look of disgust the two of them had for her in the moment. "Carol will be there," she wiggled her eyebrows thinking that Daryl would change his mind, when all he did was give a huff and a string of curses muttered under his breath. "Oh, and Spencer will be there too, you guys can mingle and get to know each other a little better Sasha." She bumped hips with the girl and was met with a sharp poke to her collarbone in protest. "Ouch." She pouted, but that did not hinder her grip on them. "Oh, they are going to wish I let them go_, she snickered to herself.

Upon entering the Rhee residence, Sasha and Daryl were met the hoots, hollers, and noises of surprise that their friends threw at them. "Come on you two, find a place and sit down." She directed them as she let go of their hands.

Naturally, Sasha sat next to Michonne, and Daryl next to Rick.

"This is absolutely ridiculous." Sasha muttered to her friend.

"Who you tellin'?" Michonne said with a roll of her round eyes that caused Sasha to snort ungracefully. At that, Daryl heard the unsavory noise and could immediately identify who it came from: Sasha. He looked up and made eye contact with her and gave an eye roll of his own. She shook her head amused and pleased that he didn't want to be here either.

"Okay camp counselor, what in the hell m' ah doin here?" Daryl directed towards Maggie loudly causing her and everyone else to laugh.

"Well, we're gonna play some games to lessen the tension and relax a little. We all deserve a little break after these past few days." He couldn't argue there, so he nodded his head and leaned back onto the palms of his hands with his legs stretched out in front of him. "So, the first thing we're gonna play is spin the bottle!" She squealed in delight as everyone else groaned.

"Why?"

"What made me agree to this?"

"Sweet God, this is stupid."

"We're fucked."

"Hey!" Glenn shouted to come to his wife's defense "She just wants us to have a good time. Give her a break."

He was right. She only wanted to make people smile and that was enough to shut everyone up.

"Now, who wants to spin first?" Silence. "Okay, Michonne, you're up!" Maggie handed the bottle to the ebony samurai and took her place next to Rosita.

Heaving a sigh and looking towards the heavens, she spun the bottle like a pro and sat back to see who she would fall victim to.

Glenn.

He looked back and forth between both his wife and Michonne. He had always found Michonne attractive—he just never bothered acting on it. _ This is weird. _He thought.

"Okay lover boy, come here."

"Uhh—"

"Go on babe, it's not cheating." Maggie said and Michonne huffed a laugh.

He nodded and knee walked his way to his friend and closed his eyes. He felt a soft pressure and then nothing, "Done." Michonne said and gave him a friendly pat on the back.

"Oh thank God!" He said causing her to look at him funny. "I was pretty sure Rick was gonna shoot me down." He gave a nervous laughter causing Rick to go bright red.

From there the couples were Spencer and Carol, Rosita and Heath, Abraham and Tara, Denise and Rick, Maggie and Glenn, and Rick and Michonne. The only two left by default were Sasha and Daryl.

"You guys don't get the chance to spin, so just kiss." Maggie said with a sly wink.

The two sat in silence trying to figure out their best escape route.

"Come on! I had to kiss Abraham!" Tara said in complaint, urging the quiet pair to succumb to peer pressure.

"Fine," Sasha said, not one to back down from a challenge, "let's do this." Taking a deep breath, she went over to Daryl because she knew he was a bundle of nervous ticks and uncertainty. She tilted her head to the side, silently asking for permission to invade his personal space. He appreciated her asking, but he couldn't stop gnawing on his

bottom lip in absolute terror.

Finally after Rick cleared his throat to break Daryl from his thoughts, Daryl nodded and rubbed his sweaty hands on the legs of his jeans.

She took a deep breath and bent down a little giving him a generous view of her cleavage and pressed her lips against his. The longer she lingered, the faster his heart beat to the point he was getting light headed.

Sighing in frustration that he didn't reciprocate, she started to pull back, but in that same moment she felt a push against her back and she landed against Daryl with him cushioning their small fall toward the floor. The sudden movement caused him to open his mouth in surprise and his tongue flicked against her soft lips. She rewarded him with a small moan and that was all he needed to hear. With all nervousness vanishing and his friends forgotten in the background, he slid his large hands up her sides and pulled her closer with one planted against the small of her back, and the other on her cheek. Leaning up, he pressed his lips further against hers and pulled at her thighs, spreading them apart to hoist her up his body to meet his gentle assault on her mouth.

In the background, they could hear whistling and "finally" being yelled, but all they could focus on was how much they really liked this game.

End
file.